Saturday Press.

Volume v, Number 17. HONOLULU, HAWAIIAN ISLANDS, DECEMBER 27, 1884. Whole Number 226.

The Boy Who Tried to Name Himself.

Mr. Jeremiah Smith sat looking at his wife with an air of comical uncertainty, and his wife returned the look with an air of fixed determination.

"My dear, we must let him name himself," said Mrs. Smith.

"But, consider, my love, what a trying position for a boy! Besides he will make some horrible mistake."

"It can't be any worse than some we have made, Jeremiah; just look at our children. Is any one of 'em satisfied with his or her name?"

"No. But for that matter, I have never forgiven my great-uncle for naming me Jeremiah. I have had a dislike for that prophet ever since."

"Yes that's just the point. When we named our oldest girl Matilda Maria we never considered how we were hurting her feelings for life. She told me only the other day that she hated her name and would rather be called Sophronia Ann any time. And as for Johnathan Edwards and Wilhelmina and Ulysses Bolivar, why, to hear them talk, you would think they had drawn their names by lot out of a dictionary."

"Well, I did have a little doubt myself, at the time, about Ulysses Bolivar. But you know we tried to make up for the want of grandeur in the last name by putting it into the first."

"Yes, and it doesn't work. No, Jeremiah, we must let this one have a fair chance. Let him name himself, say when he is eight years old, and then we shall have one child who is satisfied."

"Very well, my dear," and Mr. Smith, with a sigh, partly in anticipation of coming evil, buried himself in the evening paper.

The subject of these remarks was myself. I was unconscious of their meaning at the time, owing to the fact that I was but two months old. So, in blissful ignorance of my lack of a first name, I lived peacefully the space of four years. At the end of that time I discovered the absence through the following circumstance; I was at play with another boy of my own age and he addressed me rather disrespectfully as "Bub." I resented it. "My name isn't 'Bub'!"

"What is it, then?"

This was a poser. I did not know. I ran into the house and exclaimed, "Mother, is my name 'Bub'?"

Her answer astonished me.

"I don't know, my son."

"But I want a name. I shall get lost without one!" I cried in alarm.

My mother replied, calmly, "Your father and I have decided to let you name yourself. So, when you are eight years old you may choose your own name. That will give you four years in which to make up your mind."

"But what will my name be until then?" I asked.

My mother hesitated. "Well, we will call you simply 'Smith.'"

"But I don't like that," I cried.

"It is your own father's name, and you can put up with it for four years. At the end of that time, remember you are to name yourself."

Name myself! I was a contemplative youth; I revolved in my mind all the possibilities included in this unheard-of privilege. The more I thought of it the more I liked it. I would have a name such as no other boy ever had before. It would be a name destined to hand down the family of Smith to posterity. No insignificant, one-syllabled affair, which could be turned or abbreviated into a nickname, but a sesquipedalian appellation which would strike awe into the rest of the family.

I will pass over the the four years during which I was a nameless individual, distinguished from the rest of mankind only as a boy called "Smith," until I was eight years old. On the evening of that eventful day, at the supper table, I formally announced my selection of a name as Alexander Von Bismark Smith.

My father groaned; my mother turned pale.

"Just what I told you!" exclaimed my father, with a reproachful look.

"Well," replied my mother, recovering herself after the first shock, "is it any worse than 'Ulysses Bolivar'?"

Mr. Smith said nothing, but tried to look resigned.

But at the end of a week I was tired of Alexander Von Bismark. It was not too long. But somehow it did'nt please me. Besides a red-headed youth in the next yard persisted in calling me "Biz," in spite of two severe lickings administered to him by me behind our barn. And one day, in reading a newspaper, I came across the very same name belonging to a man by the name of Smith living in Dakota. So I decided to change. I slept on my resolve, and in the morning as I was going to school, my father called out, "Alexander."

I was so intent on my new name that I failed to hear him.

"Alexander, you may split up that wood when you get home. Do you hear?"

"Yes, sir; but don't call me Alexander, please. I've got another name."

"Another name!" gasped Mr. Smith. "Why, what do you mean?,'

"I have determined to call myself Richard Cœur de Lion, sir."

"Richard Cur"—my father stammered, and then sat down wholly overcome. But my mind was made up not to be Alexander Von Bismark another day.

Alas, my new name was as objectionable as the old! Everybody called me "Dick." Strange I had not forseen that. And my only reason for taking the name was to revel in the distinguished title of "Cœur de Lion." But the remedy lay in myself. No restrictions had been placed upon me, and all I had to do was to keep on naming until I was suited.

So I had a new name nearly every week. I tired of one almost as soon as I had chosen it. Another was too hard to pronounce. None pleased me. I searched histories and biographies, pored over hard names in the encyclopedias, and made up unpronounceable names by combining the end of signs in the streets. My father and mother never knew what to call me. My brothers and sisters called me everything, from Moses to Alcibiades, and a more uncertain boy in the Smith family could not be found.

At last the crisis came. One evening when I had startled the family by giving out my latest name as Methuselah Castleton, my father paused in his eating and eyed me sternly.

"My son, Alexander Von Bismark, Richard Cœur de Lion, Miltiades Calvin, and all the rest including Methuselah Castleton Smith, this thing has gone on long enough. I am tired of it. I am going to give you a name and you needn't change it until you get married. It's a name borne by two-thirds of the human race and plenty good enough for you. I name you John Smith, and if you try to change it I will cut you off with a postage stamp!"

I experienced a feeling of relief, have never desired to change my name since, and am perfectly satisfied with it.—*Boston Congregationalist.*

A Rural Sketch.

Our neighbor, Jones, is an elderly man with ferretty eyes, peaked nose and bristled chin. His hat slopes forward and tilts backward at one and the same time. His coat, like Joseph's, is of many colors, also of many rents stains and patches. His trousers are faded, and of uncertain antiquity, and his stockings hang in rings about his rusty shoes. About a month ago we heard a racket at Jones's farm, and, climbing the fence, soon discovered that the horse had kicked the stable door off its hinges, perhaps as a reminder that slow starvation was unpleasant, and that one meal a day was desirable.

"Now, thar; I vum it's too bad," said Jones, as we approached, driving his hands into his pockets and surveying the wreck. "Seems ez if I never wos drived so clean distracted with work." I can't possibly hang that door till ter-morrer; must go to town ter-day. Come ter think of it, must go rabbit-shooting ter-morrer. An next day thars a vandue over in Shipley,s, an' mebbe a chance ter make a bargin. But I can fix that door on Saturday."

We certainly hoped he would, but it seemed hard to expect a man of such multifarious engagements to repair a broken door in less than a week. Moreover, there were other matters which, some foolish persons might hypercritically declare, should be done first, although our neighbor had neglected to mention them. In one direction, through a broken fence, two of his cows had reached the oarchard, and were sharpening their horns on a row of young trees. The farm wagons were fully exposed to the noonday sun, though a pile of boards close by would have built half-a-dozen good sheds. Water from a spring that might have filled a small fish-pond or watered a vegetable garden, ran to waste and made a marshy spot in the field. The front doorstep, as all his visitors knew by mournful experience, was liable to tip up if one stepped upon it without due caution. Every fence corner had its triangular and thrifty weed plot.

"Farming dosen't pay," said Jones, leaning meditatively against the rail fence, and still gazing at the broken stable door and the horse inside, which, as it was easy to see, had been tied with so long a rope that he had been able to step back within reach thereof. "How a poor farmer is drav," continued Jones—a remark more literally true than he supposed.

This week I saw neighbor Jones again, as I walked along our line fence, dusting the outer row of my potato field. That outer row needed more care than half the rest of the field. Jones's beetle crop was so persistent and voracious. There was the stable door, still on the ground, the marks of the horse's hoof upon it, where he had been led across it ever since. Jones set on the top fence-rail, serene, and whittling. A spade lay on the ground, rusting; a bucket, set in the path, had fallen apart in the sun.

"Hallo, Jones," I called out; "how about that stable door?"

"Wal, no, nebor. I'll hev ter admit that I hev been exceedin' busy. I calkerlate ter hang thet door next week, ef I kin only get the time ter do it properly.

So Jones sat there, wondering why money was so unevenly distributed in the world, and why he had to work so hard, and wished he had been born a Feejee Islander, with inalienable rights to eat, sleep and loaf in delicious reiteration.—*New York Hour.*

The Napoleon Myth in the Year 3000

Under this title Senor Sequeira has published in the *Commercio Portuguez* a philological *jeu d' esprit*, written throughout in the doctrinaire style of Continental scholars. It is a delicious piece of fooling, in the shape of a grave lecture, and we propose to give our readers an abstract of it. The aim of the lecturer is to prove that Napoleon I. never existed, and that his supposed career is only a sun-myth.

"According to tradition," says the Professor of the year 3000, "the hero Napoleon Bonaparte was born on an island of the Mediterranean, as son of a certain Letitia. It is recorded that he had three sisters and four brothers of whom three became kings; as well as two wives, one of whom bore him a son. He ended a great revolution; had sixteen marshals, of whom four were not active; he triumphed in the South; he was vanquished in the North; and he vanished amid the western seas after a twelve years' reign begun in the East." The Professor then goes on to point out how all this applies to the sun. With regard to the name, Napoleon is obviously a mutilation of Apollo, the sun-god, or rather the purer Greek form; for the Greeks really call the sun poetically "Apollyo," "*Apollon,*" or "Apoleon," "*Apoleon*"—that is to say, exterminator. From all that tradition tells, Napoleon is said to have been a great exterminator. The initial letter N is doubtless the abbreviated form of Ne ("*nai*"), the Greek affirmative, which pointed out that it was the true Apollo that was in question. The second name, Bonaparte, means "good part," and therefore presupposes a second, bad part. It is clear that by this was meant day and night. An ancient Poet already says, speaking of the night, "*Abi in malam partem.*" The sun, which represents the day, is therefore rightly designated as Bonaparte. Napoleon was born on a Mediterranean island; so was Apollo, at Delos, which stands in the same relation to Greece as Corsica stands to France. The Galliciaing of the Apollo myth is thus unmistakable. Pausanias relates that the God Apollo was held in high regard in Egypt: of Napoleon, too, it is averred that the Egyptians greatly reverenced and feared him. All this sufficiently proves that Napoleon and Appolo were one and the same mythological figure. But let us go still further. Napoleon's mother was named Letita—that is Joy: a poetical appelation for Aurora. And does not the the dawn give to the world the sun? Besides, let us remember that Apollo's mother was called Leto (in Latin *Latona*), from which form, in the nineteenth century, Letitia was evolved, probably as a substitute of the verb *laetor*, which means "to rejoice."

When the legend maintains that the son of Letitia had three sisters, unquestionably the three Graces were intended, who, with their friends, the Muses, were Apollo's inseparable companions. As to Napoleon's four brothers, in them we discern the four seasons. Thus, three of the brothers are said to have been kings. These are the spring, which reigns over the flowers; the summer, which reigns over the seeds; and the autumn, which reigns over the fruits. And as these three seasons owe all their power to the sun, they were made into brothers. The fourth brother does not reign; he, of course, is winter. This clearly appears when we remember that this fourth brother was said to be Prince of Canino, after Napoleon's fall. Canino is derived from the word *cani*, which means "white hairs." Now the snowy woods were called poetically "white hairs," as the following verse proves: "*Cum gelidus crescit canis in montibus humor.*" Therefore this fourth brother is merely the personfied writer, which comes to prominence when the three fairer seasons are driven away by the rude winds of the North. Thus we may find an easy interpretation of the words of the myth: "At the invasion of France by the rude sons of the North, the country was covered with a white banner and Napoleon disappeared." This "white banner" is, of course, the winter snow.

By the wives of Napoleon the earth and moon must be understood. Plutarch calls the moon the consort of the sun, and the old Egyptians gave him the earth as spouse. The sun had no issue with the moon, but conceived with the earth Horus, the son of Isis and Osiris. The latter represents the field fruits; and we therefore find that the son of Napoleon was born on the 20th of March, the spring equinox; for in the spring the field-fruits attain their greatest development. Further it is averred that Napoleon made an end to the hydra or revolution. This hydra, or snake, is the serpent Python, whose destruction is the heroic deed of Apollo. The second word, revolution, comes from the Latin *revolutus*, and indicates that the snake was curled around itself, as is indeed actually to be seen in all antique representations of the Python. Again, it is said that the great warrior had at the head of his army twelve marshals, and four others were at his disposition. It is easily perceived that these twelve marshals only represent the twelve signs of the zodiac, which, under the command of the sun, each lead a division of the innumerable starry host. The four marshals on the retired list, on the other hand, indicate the four quarters of the globe; which are thus excellently charactized as immovable amid the general movement. All these marshals are merely symbolical beings. When the legend relates that Napoleon gloriously marched through the lands of the South, to penetrate into the North and there lose his strength, this again must be read as one of the peculiarities of the sun, excellently indicated. The sun is all-powerful in the South; in the North he is weak. Out of this was evolved in the nineteenth century the fable of the campaign of Moscow.

If another proof were needed that in the Napoleon myth there is only question of the sun's course, it would be found in these words: "Napoleon reigned twelve years; his empire began in the East and ended in the West." It needs no reference to the fact that the sun rises in the east and, after an empire of twelve hours disapears in the west. The professor closes his address with these words: "If we, then, resume our considerations regarding the hero's name, his descent, his family, his marshals, his deeds, etc., we shall see that they evince with irrefutable certainty that Napoleon Bonaparte concerning whom so much has been written never existed. The error into which all scholars fell sprang from the circumstance that they did not understand allegorical mythology, and took it for real history"—*St. James's Gazette.*

Treaty Items.

Representative William H. Kelley of Pennsylvania, better known as "Pig Iron Kelly," and one of the most ardent and best-known American protectionists, has written to the Philadelphia Press in earnest opposition to the renewal of the treaty.

The San Francisco Chronicle (naturally) says that President Arthur has "reciprocity on the brain." The Chronicle's Washington Correspondent says that "It is not possible to ascertain the provisions of the new treaty with the Hawaiian Government, for the state department holds that it is confidential until after the senate has acted on it. In case the treaty comes to the house, publicity will be given to it, for the house never conducts any business with closed doors, though it has the right to do so if it desires. It begins to look as if the parties who are anxious to have the four treaties mentioned above [with Spain, Mexico, Canada and Hawaii] ratified have formed a combination to pass them. Even in case the necessary two-thirds vote is secured in the senate for ratification, the whole thing will fall through unless the house concurs in the action."

The San Francisco Bulletin quotes the following paragraph from President Arthur's message "The Government of Hawaii has indicated its willingness to continue for seven years the provisions of the existing reciprocity treaty. Such continuance, in view of the relations of that country with the American system of states, should, in my judgment, be favored," and comments as follows: "The president seems also to be fully committed to the reciprocity business on the largest scale. He advises the renewal of the Sandwich Islands treaty for seven years more; regrets that Mexican reciprocity has not been carried out; informs congress that a reciprocity treaty has been concluded with Spain, with reference to Cuba and Porto Rico, and gives the public information that it had not before—namely that a reciprocity treaty has been concluded with Canada. The subject is a vast one, and more materials than are now accessible will have to be furnished before an intelligent opinion can be formed in relation to it."

Anti-Brandy in Switzerland.

A London dispatch, dated November 23rd, says: "The labors of the special government commission appointed by the federal council several months ago to inquire into the causes of the frightful increase of drunkenness in the Swiss republic, and to suggest a remedy, have resulted in decisive action by the council. It admitted that the evil investigated is to be attributed entirely the extraordinary cheapness of French brandies and their native imitations. The cheapness of these vile and intoxicating compounds has made them within a comparatively short time the national beverage for the Swiss. The commission found French brandy bottles in the cupboards of the poorest families, and cited countless cases of once prosperous estates and families brought to absolute ruin and wreck by intemperance, thriftlessness and impotency, caused by the free and long-continued use of cheap brandy. The remedy proposed is of almost unprecedented prohibitory power. It will make the duty on imported brandies so high as to absolutely bar them from the country, and will tax all domestic manufactures of the liquor, except those expressly made for export, so heavily as to make the procurement of brandy in any form, by but the very rich, practically impossible in Switzerland. The enactment of the bill will probably meet with but little, if any, opposition.